Volume III Chicago, Ill., January, 1927 Number 10

The Liberal

WINTER

"The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
So wonderful, so many and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home;
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere."

—Lampman.

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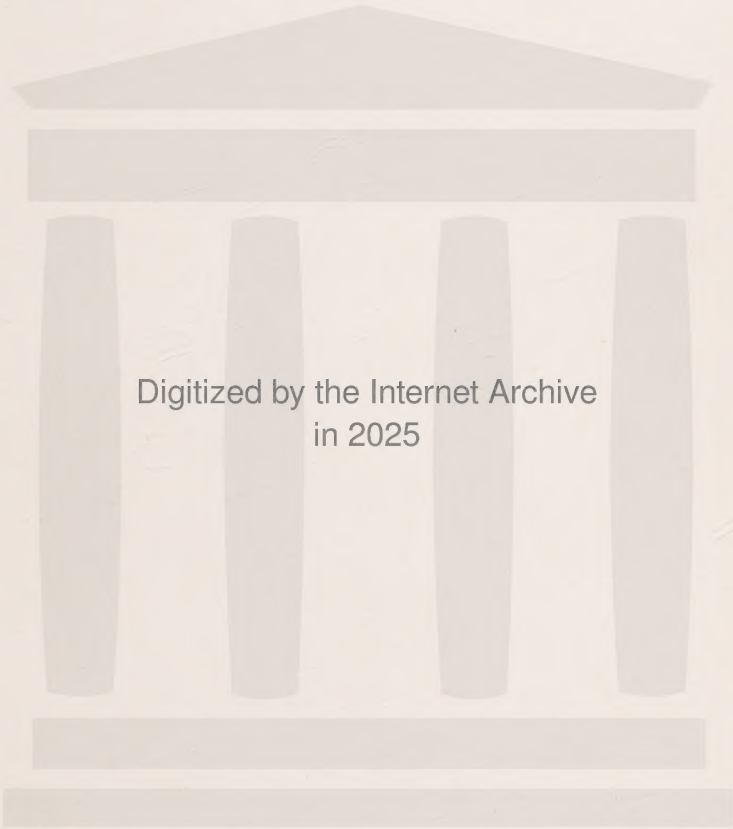
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Dr. Preston Bradley

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

People coming into the warmth and light of the Church from the chill and darkness of the early morning felt the warmth, the glow, the peace, the beauty, the Christmas Spirit surge into their hearts filling them to overflowing! Tall red candles burned brilliantly either side the pulpit and choir stalls, great red wreaths and graceful baskets of holly and poinsettia added color and the festive touch of Christmas! Chimes from the organ pealed "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," other sweet toned music whispered, sang, swelled, gaining volume and grandeur as the organist's skillful fingers touched the keys. Presently as the people in the seats listened the sweet notes of the Processional, "Hail Him Lord and Leader" by Nevin, was heard, softly at first, growing louder—and the robed choir came swinging in from either side. Anthems and Carols filled the furthermost corners of the Church with gladsome melody. Nor were these songs of Christmas joy confined to the Church, for the microphone caught them up and sent them out in the early morning air east, west, north, south. In farm houses as well as city homes, families gathered around their Christmas tree, their only light sparkling from the tree, and listened to the five o'clock service in The Peoples Church. Those sitting in the Church could not realize that the exquisitely rendered carols, the rich organ music, the clear toned voice of the Pastor as he read Angela Morgan's lovely poem "The Christmas Miracle" and delivered his appropriate message of love and cheer and good-will toward all men, enjoining us to manifest the Spirit of Christmas from years' end to years' end, not only at the Yuletide—was thrilling "listeners-in" across the miles in Ontario, in Florida, Texas, So. Carolina, No. Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, the Dakota's, Idaho, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois! (As letters a few days later proved.) The soft gleam of the candles will burn out, the sweet voices finish their songs, the organ stand silent, all who heard the music, the poem, the Pastor's message, carry in their hearts an inspiration which will last long into the New Year. Will it last till Christmas dawns again?

Smiling faces, cheery greetings, twinkling candles, rich toned organ, sweet carolling choir, the Pastor's voice lifted in prayer encompassing all in Love, Peace, Good-Will to Men! Christmas Morning in The Peoples Church!

—G. T. B.

YE EDITORS GO A TOURING

(Continued from last number)

Deerfield a story in itself, did I say? In truth many books have been written about Deerfield and the half has not been told! From the earliest days of its settlement to the present many of its citizens have been historians, poets, novelists, painters and educators. How then can I in a short narrative give you even a glimpse into the charm of this village? When one goes to Old Deerfield 'tis like entering another world. In its quaintness, its antiquity, its characters and its aristocracy it might aptly be spoken of as the "Cranford of America"! So permeated is it with the atmosphere of pre-Revolutionary days that I continually had to pinch myself when I became conscious of staring at people as tho they were ghosts—there was a distinct shock at seeing them garbed in present day dress, anything modern seemed out of place. At the foot of East Mountain on a plateau above the Meadows which surrounded it on three sides, was laid the "Town Plott" of 1671 and here very much as the Artist then planned it, is the "Street" of to-day. Lined on either side by giant elms, intertwining their leafy branches above the broad road, making a cool,exquisite green canopy a mile long, and the narrow foot-paths running between the houses and elms boarded with soft green turf wherein here and there wild flowers smile and gladden the heart of man. From one end of the street one looks across the meadows and the winding Deerfield River, (which has found its way from the Green Mts. of Vermont) to Sugar Loaf, Mt. Tom and the Hoosac Hills. I think one could travel far before finding another such picturesque, peaceful and charming street! From it Academy Lane leads past the Orthodox Church, Town Hall, Memorial Hall and other points of interest.

An attractive little white house, the epitome of its name which was printed on a placque at the gate—"The Doll's House"—invited our attention. We found the two front rooms filled with antiques and new articles of every description; at the back a delightful little kitchen with cupboards all around and many quaint utensils; opening off from the kitchen was a delightful room where light luncheon and afternoon Tea was served on antique tables of different sizes and styles, from the most exquisite old blue China, but—I must not continue on this subject, for China is my hobby, and—well—space forbids! Two lovely women were gracious in answering our questions and chatted in a friendly way, making us feel we were their guests; the son of one of them kindly consented to be our guide to Memorial Hall, Frary House and the Unitarian Church. He was a pale, slender, blue-eyed lad with abundent wavy flaxen hair, his rather serious face becoming illuminated when he smiled; he had just won a college scholarship from the Academy, and he was also studying organ and practised on the one in the Unitarian Church.

This remarkable village has a "Society of Deerfield Industries" all unique and most artistic. In Shops? Mercy, No! The work is done, displayed and sold in their homes in a dignified and genteel manner. There are several handlooms in the village on which rag rugs and Linen fabrics are woven. Then there are basket-makers, netting and tufted work, an Iron worker, and the photography of the Misses Allen presents extraordinary skill, their landscapes, pictures of rural life, illustrations and portraits are widely known. I have never forgotten the slightest detail of my first visit to their studio about fifteen years ago; a May rain was falling in torrents, intensifying the spring green of

the trees and the tender young grass, at the very doorstep of the Allen House where I nearly stepped on them three lovely purple violets lifted their faces to be bathed by the sweet scented rain, I stooped and picked one of them. We did not call there this time having stayed longer than we should in Memorial Hall which is filled with fascinating antiques and relics of historical interest. Perhaps the most impressive being the large oak door from the home of Ensign John Sheldon, (built in 1698) testifying to the tragedy of Feb. 29th, 1703. This heavy spiked door kept at bay the French and Indians, its hatchet-hewn face still tells the tale of that fateful night in the long ago! In the quiet peaceful beauty of the present-day Deerfield it was hard to believe the inscriptions on boulders and stones marking spots all over the village where frightful tragedies took place in the early days, fights and captures by the French, blood-curdling massacres by the Indians were common occurrences. The Massacre of Bloody Brook is not only well known in history but the subject of books and poems, and a few years ago was presented in movies, the pictures being made on the spot where it happened.

We hurried then to call on the Unitarian Minister and his wife, our young guide taking us to what is known as "Frary House" the oldest house now standing in Franklin County, one of the most beautiful examples of the houses of the early period.

A long rambling house of that lovely indescribable weather stained grey that two centuries of sun and weather have made it; over the door step a beautiful vine called "Matrimony" grows, and massive elms in the yard throw lacy shadows over house and lawns. During Revolutionary days this house was owned by a man who used it as a tavern. In a room off the entrance hall was the "bar" of this Inn, a closet in one corner lined with shelves, and a "bar" forming a counter across the "half-door," here "mine-host" served wines and "strong-waters" to his guests. Tradition has it that Benedict Arnold once stopped at this Tavern and drank in this bar-room, where he contracted for a great amount of cattle for food for soldiers, then went his way over the mountains into Vermont.

The minister and his wife showed us over the entire house to our delight; had we not been calling upon them we would never have had this treat for the house is not open to the public. Its present owner is the well-known writer Miss C. Alice Baker, a decendant of the Frary's. Miss Baker bought and restored the house very nearly to its former beauty, furnishing it completely with antiques of proper period. She very generously gives this interesting home to the Unitarian Minister to live in, coming herself for two or three weeks every June to occupy the room which is always in readiness for her.

The hardwood paneling of some of the first floor rooms is something to be dreamed over as one conjures a great picture; to say nothing of the ball-room on the top floor, all paneled in ivory with mahogany trim. At one end of this long room stood a white and gold grand piano which had once belonged to Mrs. Ole Bull, in corner recesses were chairs, divans and small tables of French designs, a low seat ran all around the room, and at one end midway between floor and ceiling was a "fiddlers balcony" just large enough to hold two fiddlers, this was reached by narrow winding stairs. What brilliant balls must have been held here! I could imagine them dancing in their white wigs and shimmering satins and creamy laces! It was difficult to tear ourselves away from this fascinating house. We were invited to spend the night and sleep in one of the tremendous "four posters" that one climbs into with the aid of a footstool, but had to remind ourselves that we planned to sleep that night in Concord!

We stopped a few minutes at the Church, built of brick with white Colonial doors and graceful white wooden spire, on the summit of which sits the old cockerel used on the four "meeting-houses" which preceded "the Brick Church" (as it is locally called). The interior is white with mahogany trim; little doors opening into each pew, and the massive high mahogany pulpit is one of the finest in all New England. This church is one of the remaining examples of good church architecture in New England. A memorial tablet on the wall to Samuel Willard tells us that he was "one of the founders of the American Unitarian Association and Pioneer of the Movement in Western Massachusetts—Minister of this church 1807-1829, scholar, author, patriot, and although blind for many years a leader for fifty years in educational, temperance, peace and anti-slavery reforms. His life ever remains a challenge to future generations." We are told that among his friends who frequently visited his beautiful colonial home were Channing, Ware, Pierpont, Greeley and Emerson. The history of this church and the life of Samuel Willard are a romance to fill volumes!

We could think and talk of nothing but Deerfield as we drove the rest of the afternoon toward Boston. We passed through Miller's Falls and Athol, both with their great factories, the largest tool manufacturers in America.

Afternoon shadows lengthened into twilight, marking the close of a perfect day. We wondered how it was possible to crowd into one day so much of history, romance, beauty and charm as we had found in Old Deerfield!

Grace Thayer Bradley.

(To be continued in next number)

THANK YOU!

They came by the dozen—nay—by the hundred, these Christmas missives, more than six hundred of them! How can we crowd into those two words **"Thank You"** the appreciation we would like to express! Words—however carefully chosen—fail to tell how much joy all those precious messages brought to our hearts. And what altogether lovely cards they are! Jolly old coaches taking folks home for Christmas,—dainty ladies in ruffles and voluminous skirts, red-cheeked lads singing carols before colonial door-ways, Yule-logs burning in great cheery fireplaces, rural scenes, snow laden trees, homey-looking gateways and houses, and many with the personal touch, the self-written message, the kodak picture, hand-tinted, etched, painted, engraved, all in gorgeously lined envelopes —bits of gaily colored paper—just cards you say? Ah—but they bespeak love,—loyalty,—friendship, Christmas greetings, New Year's blessings! Who has not felt their heart beat faster with the warmth of gladness in being remembered as they read the Christmas Greeting from a friend? One of our cards holds the keynote thus:—

"We seem too busy every day
To say the things we want to say;
Our deepest thoughts we seem to hide
Until we reach the Christmas-tide;
'Tis then we send to friends again
In happy words, the old refrain—
A very Merry Christmas."

The special charm of Christmas is the sweet assurance it brings that we live in the memory of our friends!

—G. T. B.

"THE RADIO MAIL-BAG"

It would take a magazine many times larger than this one to hold a department under the above caption, with sufficient space to publish even an infinitesimal part of our splendid Radio mail. It has long been the desire of the editors to give The Liberal read-

ers at least a peek into these fine letters, and so each month we will choose excerpts from letters which we consider most outstanding. They may be from a "shut-in,"—a student—a traveler, a farm home or a city mansion. We want you to know just a little of the kind of people we are reaching and what The Peoples Church means to them!

A Danville letter from Mrs. L. A. M. expresses her appreciation of the services and also says, "After listening to your Christmas heart-to-heart talk I mailed a little Christmas remembrance to one I had decided to cut off my list because of discord. I know Love is the Liberator!"

From B. F. K., Whitefish Bay, Wis., a message reads, "In taking inventory of my life for 1926 I find that the finest, biggest accomplishment was accidently tuning in on The Peoples Church. Mrs. K. and I are very grateful for the privilege of listening to your services, etc."

A newly married couple (Mr. and Mrs. L. W. B.) say, "You can't imagine how much good you are doing us! This is our first Christmas together in married life and we are very happy. Your contribution to the world is certainly a large one, enriching the lives of so many people."

M. D. L., Chicago, writes, "It seems human nature not to appreciate the things we get without effort or expense until we are denied them. Last Sunday something happened to our Radio just long enough for us to lose part of your sermon and made me talk out loud to my set; but it made us realize how much we value your service and how we had in no way helped to make it possible, our only effort to date to "tune-in," sit back and listen and say "How wonderful!" We now feel that if we listen we have assumed a debt that during the coming year we will in some way Pay," etc.

Mr. and Mrs. S. from Grandville say they are vaudeville people who never miss a Sunday morning with The Peoples Church even on the road. They were spending Christmas at home with two splendid boys home from their Military School. Mrs. S. was suffering severe burns on her hands. We sincerely hope she has recovered.

—G. T. B.

BOOK CHATS

I had the happiest Christmas of my life in the Christmas which has just passed. It was the first Christmas in our own beautiful church. This alone would be sufficient to make it my happiest. When I walked into the pulpit at five o'clock Christmas morning and saw over two hundred of our members present my heart was glad. What a Christmas morning! The glowing Christmas candles, the choir in the wreath-decked loft, the dimly lighted auditorium, the rich toned organ chanting over the radio its heavenly music to the awakening firesides of America, all of this inspired me beyond description. The service lasted until seven o'clock. From the pulpit I could see the morning light of mellow beauty as the dawn revealed its triumph thru the windows at the rear of the last balcony. As I left the church day had fully arrived and it was —Christmas.

The day---(as are all holidays) —was spent at home in the comradeship of family. After dinner the presents were opened. For years we have made it a custom never to open our Christmas greeting cards until Christmas afternoon. This year it was nearly midnight before we stopped opening cards and the last were not read until New Year's for we received over six hundred cards. They came it seemed from every

where and their coming brought joy to our hearts. Every one was read and admired.

In the Book Chats I am not going into detail concerning my Christmas joys but will mention only the books I received. My friends and relatives remembered me with twenty-six books and every one was carefully and judiciously selected, the miracle being that there were no duplicates. Mrs. Bradley, with whom life grows sweeter and finer as the years turn 'round and without whom life would be inconceivable, gave me the monumental two volume work, "The Human Adventure" being "The Conquest of Civilization" by Prof. Breasted and "The Ordeal of Civilization" by Prof. Robinson. Mr. and Mrs Thos. A. Harrison presented me the magnificent five volumes of "The Outline of Christianity" which filled a void in my library which has over twenty-five hundred books. Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Ray presented me with the smallest and the most beautiful book which I own, the 1826 Edition of James Thomson's, "The Seasons." The little book is exquisitely bound by Sangorski and Sutcliffe of London.

My much esteemed friend Mr. A. Kroch, who is internationally known as a discriminating lover of books and whose Chicago store is the mecca of visiting folk of the book world, remembered me with a copy of an Edition of Hugh Walpole's essay on "Reading" which was especially printed for Mr. Kroch by Harper and Brothers. There were only one hundred and fifty copies printed and one of them is in my library as a grateful expression of a beautiful friendship.

Some years ago there was organized in Chicago by seven men who love books, philosophy and life a club which is called "The Saturday Evening Club." Bolling Arthur Johnson who was a southener was instrumental in organizing the group which never meets Saturday "Evenings" but Saturday "afternoons" beginning with a luncheon at twelve thirty. It is the most interesting and delightful group of men that I know and is virtually the only moment of relaxation which I have during the week. Mr. James L. Crowder of Boni and Liveright is a member and this year in memory of a fishing trip which we had together in the Superior National Forest last summer presented me with a privately bound edition of "The Compleat Angler" by the patron saint of all fisherman — Isaak Walton. The text is edited by Richard Le Gallienne and illustrated by Edmund H. New. The text of this edition is a reprint of the fifth (the last to receive Walton's own revision) and with which it has been carefully collated. I have several editions of "The Compleat Angler" but none are as lovely or mean as much to me as the one presented by my friend.

My colleague and also a fellow-fisherman, the Rev. W. Waldemar W. Argow, who succeeded Joseph Fort Newton in the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, presented me with the "Anthology of Magazine Verse—1926" edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Mr. Argow, is in my opinion, one of the finest of our contemporary writers and of all the church bulletins and publications which come to my desk I have no hesitancy in saying that his is the most artistic, most literary and more nearly faultless than any. Mr. Newman A. Dumont, President of our Temple Club, presented me with a delightful volume of inspirational poems called "It Can Be Done."

I could go on and on with the list and it would give joy to do so but my space is filled. To all who so unselfishly and thoughtfully remembered me and mine during the holiday season I am deeply and eternally grateful. Such consideration and kindness lightens the load and inspires me to go on doing all I can to help the old world on its way to beauty and to God!

—Preston Bradley.

"THE FESTIVAL OF THE HEARTH"

A Christmas Sermon Delivered by Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church, Sunday Morning, Dec. 19, 1926. Stenographically Reported.

I was just thinking as I sat here listening to the closing strains of this beautiful anthem of what an unbearable and insufferable world this would be if at regular and definite intervals we did not have these times of the hearth. These times that completely upset and run contrary to the usual routine of the rest of the year. Have you ever thought how impoverished life would be if you did not have this time of the hearth called Christmas?

Have you ever stopped to analyze how selfish and austere and dictatorial and dogmatic and over-confident and cold you would become if there was no time in the ceaseless swinging of the year when you thought about something besides the things you thought about all the rest of the time?

Have you ever thought what would happen to your heart, how it would atrophy and stultify if you did not have a little moment when you can respond to the joy of Christmas time? Why, I tell you that this world would soon wither up and its heart grow cold if it were not for this regular occurrence, this reign of good-will that about this time of the year we all have.

Some years ago Bert Leston Taylor, who conducted the column of "BLT" in The Chicago Tribune inaugurated a society which he called "Spug," a rather unlovely and unromantic name and stood for an unromantic thing. It was called the "society for the prevention of useless giving." Just before Christmas time he would spend a great deal of time and would inspire a great deal of interest in this "society for the prevention of useless giving." Now, I heartily agree with and I completely endorsed that peculiar artistry and genius of the late and much loved Mr. Taylor in everything but that. But I am frank to confess, as I am a heretic in religion so I am a heretic about Christmas. This everlasting attitude on the part of so many people who feel that they find the highest expression of the Christmas joy when they say "Oh, you should give him something that he needs!" or "Now we should be very careful not to make any useless presents" or "Now we should find out what she needs most and give her that." Sometimes in the practice of our Christmas charities I meet a lot of good people who otherwise are very good and sensible, but they will come to me and say: "Now, Dr. Bradley, at Christmas time we must give our poor the clothes and the things they need." Well, now, I am not in favor of that at all. That is a bit of heresy, and I like heresy. I would be ashamed to be anything else in this age but a heretic. I think the age demands heresy. But, now, it is all right to give clothes, and it is all right to give food, and it is all right to give the things that they need, but if you want to have a real Christmas and if you want to give a real Christmas to someone else you give them something that will make their hearts tingle with joy in the sense of possession, whether they really need it or not. Do not be too finical about giving something for Christmas that "will be so much appreciated my dear, because it is just the thing I need!" They do not mean it at all. (Laughter). And most people can buy sooner or later—(with most of us it is later)—the things that we need. But what a joy it is at Christmas time to get something we do not really need at all, but that shows someone had a little bit of love for us and they crystallize that love in the little thing that may be of no use to us or anyone else.

Love can never waste itself; Love is always valuable. And if I can read anything else in this Christmas spirit it is the value of love.

What a glorious thing it is then to get a package! I had one come to the church office the other day, just a little bit of a package. It did not look like much. There was a name on it, I never heard of before. And what did I do with that little package? What I did with them all. I warned you last Sunday that this was going to be a heart-to-heart talk about anything we wanted to talk about. I think it is a great tragedy that so many people spoil Christmas and take all the joy out of Christmas by dissipating it three or four weeks. Some of you have looked at every Christmas card you received already. When Christmas day comes around you will not have the element of surprise or anticipation left.

And what is the joy of Christmas? Why, Christmas is the joy of surprise. When that little lad or lassie of yours at home slips down the stairway before it is dawn on Christmas morning and looks at the tree that mother trimmed all evening after they were fast asleep. Why, what is the joy that comes to their little hearts? Why, it is the joy of surprise, isn't it?

And Christmas time is the children's time, it is the children's carnival. They have been waiting for it through the year. And we ought to be children again instead of old men and old women doing the "proper thing" and always giving the "proper thing."

Why, it ought to be the time of the year when we let our hearts run loose and have a regular riot of love. That is what Christmas time is. And I think it is a pitiful thing how people rob themselves, so many of you so many times just rob yourself of the joy of the Christmas time. All this love is a building process until the final climax on Christmas Day. Most of us never let the climax happen.

Do you know what I am going to do Christmas day? "More heresy" I hear my orthodox friends say. On Christmas day, in the first place I am going to be at this church at five o'clock in the morning. I shall be here from five to seven. At seven o'clock mother and I are going to have an old-fashioned Michigan Country breakfast. I do not want any of your high falutin city of Chicago breakfasts on Christmas morning. I do not want one of these breakfasts where it is all arranged in detail to the point of perfection, do not want anything like that on Christmas morning. I do not want any grape-fruit. When I was a boy at home in Michigan we did not know what grape-fruit was. But I would like to have an old-fashioned Michigan farm breakfast. And most of you people know what it is. You people listening in in Michigan do not treat that too seriously, because there are not very many in my family. (Laughter).

Well, I want to have over there just a plain old fashioned country breakfast, and then after breakfast I am going to listen to some more music over my radio. Then from three to four I am coming back to the church. Then after the afternoon service at four we are going home and have Christmas dinner, and then after Christmas dinner we are going to have the presents. Then we are going to look at all the postal cards.

I think one of the loveliest things that any of us can do at Christmas is just to remember our friends with that little intimacy that comes of the Christmas spirit. The Christmas cards that come to my home are not going to be opened until Christmas afternoon. We are going to sit around our Christmas tree and open the Christmas cards.

With some folks life has lost all its savor and you have arrived at the place in life where you're beginning to be cynical sort of Scrooge like. You remember Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol? You remember Scrooge! He tried to figure in his books all

day Christmas day, tried to count money all day Christmas day. You remember Scrooge could not make it work. And so I think it would be a perfectly lovely thing if every one of you people, whether you have any children or not, would have a Christmas tree and if you have only one little room to live in—have a Christmas tree—just think of it! There are six hundred thousand people living in the city of Chicago who are "roomers." Six hundred thousand are going into this Christmas time with the limitations and reactions of one room! The city is filled with young people who have come here to make good. The city has challenged them. They have come from all parts, the farms and the homes of the Mississippi Valley; boys and girls here from Wisconsin, boys and girls here from Michigan, boys and girls here from Indiana, boys and girls here from Ohio that have come into this great seething caldron of the city of Chicago, and they are facing it with its problems and its challenges; and perhaps some of them are in your home.

Perhaps in your home there is a lad and you can just tell on Christmas morning by the way he acts and you just know by the things he does, that there is something eating his heart. I know what it is that is eating. It is memories. That is the thing that eats at our hearts. Memories! Memories! Memories.

Well that's what's the matter with him.

And that girl, may be studying music or studying art or she is working or clerking or something and she is going to be here and all alone on Christmas day.

Oh, if there ever was a time in the whole year when I wished I had lots of money it is at Christmas time! You know the folks that are wishing all the time never have any? That is a peculiar situation. I never expect to have any. But if there is one time in the year when I am happy at what the rich can do it is at this Christmas time You folks that have motor cars, homes, money, stocks and bonds, you have that sense of security that comes with all these things, and you are not worrying much. Most of you are worrying but you are not worrying much! If there is one time in the whole year when you have your chance it is Christmas time. And it won't do you any hurt to just go in and say "Mr. So-and-So, wouldn't you like to have Christmas dinner with us." He has been living at cafeterias, he has been carrying trays, he has been eating his food where he has had to choke it down with the reactions of the diabolical combinations of discord called jazz! He has had his soul impoverished all the year. And you say "Christmas dinner at home" to him and it will make his heart leap!—when you say "home!" There is not any other word in the English language that will do so much to save a man as the word "home."

You cannot have the Christmas spirit without emphasizing the spirit of home.

Why, that is where Christmas clusters—about the home.

Don't you remember when you used to hang up your stocking?

Don't you remember how you waited for the morning?

Don't you remember how cold the stairs were, those old wooden stairs in the morning on Christmas Day when you wanted to be the first one down?

And don't you remember how you stayed awake just as long as you could that night, waiting to hear the music of the bells on the reindeers? And don't you remember how mysterious you thought father and mother were that night? (Laughter)

And weren't they especially—especially considerate? You know most any night during the year mother would say "Now, my boy, it is time for bed." She said it like that! And you sort of knew that that was exactly what it was. But on Christmas, when she wanted to get you out of the way she did not do it that way at all. She

said "Oh, sonny don't you think you better go to bed?" And you thought "What's the matter; what is mother up to now?"

Why, that is Christmas at home!

And in the old days when they had the stoves and they burnt wood and had kerosene lamps it was all wonderful. Why, you youngsters of the city do not know a thing about Christmas if you have been brought up in one of these trick apartments! (Applause and laughter).

Why, this thing cannot get into your souls and into your hearts like it does in country folks like I am.

You just are missing something, if you think it is all food and glamour and lights and that sort of thing.

Christmas is home time.

Ah, Christmas is the festival of the hearth.

That is what it is. The festival of the hearth.

You remember the letters you wrote to Santa Claus?

I feel sorry—and I meet them every once in a while, and I feel so sorry for that ultra-sophisticated type, who is always intellectual and so profound in his thought forces that he never believes in Santa Claus (Laughter). Every little while I meet these individuals who have deified intellect until they have squeezed all the sweetness out of life.

I never want to get so smart that my heart does not speak to me. There should always be a refined and educated emotion just as there should be a refined and educated intellect. But they are not to be found among the type of person that never believed in Santa Claus.

Santa Claus real? Of course, it is real. Santa Claus is about the most real personality of which I know. I am thinking of that little girl who wrote to me from southern Ohio "Dr. Bradley, will you please tell me if Santa Claus is real. I listen to your services every Sunday, but I am worried about Santa Claus." Do not worry about Santa Claus. He is real.

Do you think anything could exist as an actual fact in the life of the race that was not real? Why, the subjective fact of Santa Claus is the most real thing I know And don't you ever give up believing in Santa Claus. I feel very sorry for the type of individual who is so disillusioned with life—Oh, that is the great tragedy anyhow, when we get disillusioned with life, and the things we have anchored to and the things we dreamed and the things we believed in and the people we trusted, all fail. Then we become disillusioned with life!

Why, there are some qualities of life that you must always possess, and never become disillusioned with life. Santa Claus is one of them. Never get so smart that you do not believe in Santa Claus. I believe in Santa Claus. And I am not ashamed of it. The mere fact that I know who is Santa Claus does not make any difference. (Laughter). Why do you let that interfere with it? I believe in Santa Claus, and without this kindly old heart, as I said, what a weary world it would be!

I wish I could go home for Christmas. I cannot. That is the penalty of having a big church on your hands. Sometimes I feel as though I should like to have my little church with two thousand a year with twenty-five people in the congregation off somewhere in a little town, forty miles away from any railroad station where we could just romance about life, and have lots of time to read and philosophize about life. But I never could do that. I just wish it. Christmas is one of the times I wish I could, because I like to be home for Christmas.

Let me tell you something, young man or young woman, some of the six hundred thousand of this city here today, let me tell you something. There is only one place in the world where we ought to be on Christmas day, and that is home. If you can get home,

you get home. No matter what happened. What a lovely time Christmas is to fix things up. You have had some rows, and you have said some unkind things, and may be you have said "I will never go into that house again! I do not like her. I do not like him. I didn't marry the whole family." (Laughter).

I know you. (Laughter).

And you have had these little things hovering around in your lives, and you had your pride up, and you say "Well, what do they think I am!"

Oh, what a lovely time to call it all off on Christmas day. Sort of pave the way this week and call them up on the 'phone, and say "Hello, do you know who this is?" (Laughter). "Why, is that you? Why, I haven't heard from you for three months." "Why, has it been that long? It seems just like yesterday. You know how time flies!" (Laughter). Go ahead and have your little squabble. Squabble it out. I do not care how may squabbles you have, but get rid of them, and if there is one time in all the year when love ought to be the power it is Christmas time .

Young man, that mother cannot do anything to you, she cannot do anything to you that is bad enough to make you angry with her at Christmas time. And daughter and mother the same with you; and you, father, with that son.

Oh, these times, when our young people are worrying us my friend Dr. Lee Alexander Stone said the other day in a lecture, "I am not afraid of the young people today; I am afraid for the young people today." What a finer time than at Christmas time to find them again? You have been away from them, probably for weeks or months and these youngsters are coming home from school—Oh, I wish next Sunday when I speak on "New Years for Old" that this auditorium would be filled with young people that are home from the schools and colleges of America to spend their Christmas holidays at home; I want them here next Sunday these young boys and girls that are away at school.

Well, what a finer time for parents to find them again. You know that great big strapping son of yours. Oh, my, he is at the age where he axle-greases his hair (laughter) and he is sort of all hands and feet, and he has gone to see the same girl twice! And you are worried. May be you have heard a little thing; may be you have seen something, and it has worried you.

Oh, what a wonderful chance at Christmas time. What a great chance!

How long has it been, my father-friend, since you called that boy up, called him and said "Hello, Son," "Hello, Dad." "What are you going to do this evening?" "Why, I don't know. What is the idea, Dad?" "Oh, well, can't you meet me at the office at 5:30?" "Why sure." "What's up?" "Oh, nothing Dad." Nothing is up, you say, come on down, and meet me. "All right." "Now don't fail." "No, I won't."

Well, when he comes in don't let some secretary or assistant manager or somebody escort him in and you get on your official dignity and sit behind your desk. You just get right up, open the door yourself and say "Hello there, son." And he will look at you. It will be a wonder if he does not try to smell your breath. You are so happy. "What is the matter with you?" (Laughter) And then you say to him, "Well, I will tell you what this is This is our party." You and your son. "We are going to have dinner." And don't be stingy about that dinner. That boy, perhaps, has been away to college. He has been having the same thing every day in the week for three months and he can tell you what the menu will be a week from next Thursday. He knows all about it. So don't you be stingy. You have spent more money on more dinners than that that you have not been stingy about. You just take that son out

and you have the best dinner that your means will provide. Just you and your son. Don't drag in some business associate or some lodge brother or somebody. Just you and the son. And sit down there and have a glorious time.

And then when the meal is half over,—He doesn't know what it is all about—pull a couple of tickets out of your pocket and say "Well, son, we are going to a show." Pick out a good show. I do not mean for you to pick out one that is so good that it won't do any good! (Laughter). I mean just pick out a good show. And you and that son go to that show. Sit down beside each other and have a good laugh.

Do you know that there is not a man in the world that has ever tried to do anything for the world that has not as a part of him an inherent desire to project his name and his blood into the future with a son. Never a man.

Then after the show, go on home.

And when he starts to say Good Night, just go right into his room and sit down with him on the edge of the bed. Don't be afraid to put your hand upon his shoulder.

You know there are a lot of these youngsters today out in the field of abnormal emotions because they are not getting the normal affections from their own folks?

Do you know that there never comes a time in the boy's life when he is not proud to have Dad put his arm around him if he is the right kind of a boy?

Within the last few days I stood in the office of the president of one of the biggest banks in the city of Chicago, and I saw a boy, who is connected with that bank in an executive capacity, and who is over thirty-six years of age, come in at five o'clock, during our conference in that bank, and say to his aged but active father, who is still in that banking business, "Good night, father," and he put his arm around him and kissed him. And I thought "Ah, that explains to me something in this family." For it is one rich man's son that did not go wrong. (Applause). He has had all the way along the natural affections of love.

Now, that, to me, is what Christmas is about.

And when you sit by the side of your lad, just look into his face and say to him "Son, what's the matter? what is the matter?" And he will say "What do you mean, Dad?" Oh just tell him yourself. "Son, you know there is no one in the whole wide wide world that can hurt me like you; and there is no one in the wide wide world that can honor me like you, and I don't want to lose you; I don't want to lose you, and we have been growing apart; growing apart. Can't we be friends and pals?"

And that great big college or university son of yours, or that big strapping high school boy that will be ashamed to let anybody see him with tears in his eyes; he is a man! Why, he will look at you, and his heart will break and he will say "Dad! Dad! Oh, gosh, Dad, but you are a brick!" (Applause). That is what he will say.

Sometime later in life when that boy is out in the world and the flames of hell and the fires of passion are leaping up his body and his blood is throbbing and his heart is surging, hell is all around him,—that boy fighting, fighting, fighting—and all at once it will come to him "Why, it is my father's name. I am fighting for Dad. I am fighting for Mother." And you know what he will do. He will walk right through the flames of hell, and they will never leave a scar because of Love! Love. And I have seen cases where the father failed that the mother was Father-mother of a similar situation.

There are some boys who have been unfortunate in their father and mother has held the fort. Mother has been the dream life; Mother has been the ideal

So that is what Christmas is about.

Wouldn't it be foolish for me on a Christmas morning to argue about the literalness of the Bethlehem star? What do I care at this Christmas morning whether the story of the cradle and the manger is true literally or not, or how the astronomers figured that the star moved or about the angels singing to the shepherds? Why, I believe in it all.

I heard angels sing all my life. I have followed stars ever since I can remember, and I know all about the kindly care of shepherds. I have even been a shepherd and tended a flock.

So do not rob the glory and the beauty of Christmas time with your literalness. Follow the star We are all star-followers. Following the star. Sing! Sing angels' songs.

Have a happy and a merry Christmas.

Let Love run riot in your lives.

You will never have the real joy of Christmas until you have made someone happy that would not have been happy without you. That is Christmas.

Are you going to make somebody happy on Christmas that would not have been happy without you? That is Christmas.

When you sit in your beautiful homes and when you have your table laden with good food, and when you are all so happy, will there be a little heart somewhere, will there be a boy or girl or an old person or a sick person, will there be someone on Christmas day, that while you are gorging yourself, while you are laughing and making merry, will there be anybody who can say "Oh, I am so happy because they did this for me?"

You would be surprised how little it takes to make some people happy.

Find time to write the old friend a letter Write them a letter on Christmas.

Now, I can hear someone here in this audience say, "My, what a Christmas sermon!" (Laughter).

Why, this is no Christmas sermon.

I let the folks that are highly proper and respectable, who are trying to make a theological dogma out of Christmas preach the Christmas sermon. I am just talking to your hearts. I do not know but that is the greatest kind of preaching. I do not know but what it means more than any other kind.

This is not a Christmas sermon. This is just a Christmas talk together.

So, I cannot go home for Christmas. I wish I could. Had a letter from Father yesterday, and he said "You must come home, for we have never been apart Christmas." And, of course, Mother is not there any more. And that makes a difference.

There is something about Christmas that makes you think about other days, isn't there?

Then it is a little hard too, because it was on Christmas that I last saw Mother. It was her last Christmas on earth.

I can see Mother now at that table. We did not have any servants or cooks. If I were some of you mothers, there is one thing I would do on Christmas day. I would fire the cook and all the maids for that one day and have the joy of making home yourself in a real way.

I know some of you are shocked and you say "Of all the heresy, Dr. Bradley gave it this morning. The idea of letting the cooks go now, the very day when we need them most of all." Are you sure you have to have someone around? Hasn't the cook a home some place? Can she be invited out by her policeman friend or some friend and go? (Laughter). You will never know what fun it is to get it all yourself. Well, that is part of the joy of Christmas.

I would feel sorry for some of you, if some of the women had to do that sort of thing, that is, as a general rule. Why, of course, have the fun of doing it yourself.

The last, the most beautiful impression I have of my little

Mother was at that Christmas dinner. And there is one thing that I always like, and that is cherry pie. I think most men like cherry pie. I have always liked cherry pie. If you ever invite me to come to your house, have cherry pie. I always like cherry pie.

And you know what my little Mother did the last thing that she ever did for me—and I can see her beaming face—My Mother had a beaming face. She slipped away and left the world when only forty-four. Young little Mother. Too young. And the last thing that little Mother did for me was to bring onto our Christmas table—her face beaming, she said "Preston, all the week long I have been thinking about cherry pie," and she had made me a cherry pie!

If you want to make the world happy, give the world Love, and Love will come back to you a thousand fold.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

E. Burdette Backus, Minister, Unitarian Church, Los Angeles

There are many person who take a complacent attitude toward error in religious thinking, saying easily, "It does not make any difference what a man believes so long as he is sincere." But we do not take the same attitude in the rest of life. We do not say: "It makes no difference if a man mistakes poison for food so long as he is sincere." Why should we play fast and loose with the substance which is to nourish the intellectual life any more than that which sustains the body? It does make a difference what a man believes. Thought exercises a powerful if subtle influence on action. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he mistakes error for truth, evil consequences are bound to result. They may not reveal themselves at once, but sooner or later it will become apparent, at some point in the social life, that the fruit of error is disaster. We have as much reason to warn men of the danger from false belief as we have to fix the cautioning label on the bottle of deadly poison. Let us guard the integrity of our belief with zealous care, being ever on the alert to correct ancient error with new truth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

His Nine Reasons for Going to Church

1. In this actual world, a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at or ignored their religious needs, is a community on the rapid down grade.

2. Church work and church attendance mean the cultivation of the habit of feeling some responsibility for others.

3. There are enough holidays for most of us. Sundays differ from other holidays in the fact that there are fifty-two of them every year. Therefore on Sundays go to church.

4. Yes, I know all the excuses. I know that one can worship the Creator in a grove of trees, or by a running brook, or in a man's own house just as well as in a church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact the average man does not thus worship.

5. He may not hear a good sermon at church. He will hear a sermon by a good man, who, with his good wife, is engaged all the week in making hard lives a little easier.

6. He will listen to and take part in reading some beautiful passages from the Bible. And if he is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss.

7. He will take part in singing some good hymns.

8. He will meet and nod or speak to good, quiet neighbors. He will come away feeling a little more charitable toward all the world, even toward those excessively foolish young men who regard church-going as a soft performance.

9. I advocate a man's joining in church work for the sake of showing his faith by his works.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

UPTOWN TEMPLE
LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

CHURCH NEWS

The carefully kept records of the Church office reveal the encouraging fact that the month of December was the best month which the Church has ever known. Inclement weather has had little effect on the attendance. The offerings have been excellent and the radio audience has been unusually responsive. The work of the choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy has been of such a character as to command the attention of some of Chicago's musical critics. Mr. Eddy has given some outstanding numbers on our excellent organ. A spirit of cooperation and good will prevails throughout the entire church organization. The congregation is giving evidence of appreciation for the opportunity which our new Church gives. Visitors daily come to see the auditorium and highly praise its beautiful appointments.

The Peoples Church does not delay the public reception of new members until some special day such as Christmas Sunday or Easter. We receive new members on the first Sunday morning of each month. Persons may join at any time by making application to the Church secretary or to the pastor. Membership cards are mailed immediately and public reception takes place the first Sunday of the following month. One hundred and twenty-five new members have been received since October tenth. On the first Sunday in January the following people were received into the Church:

Mr. and Mrs. Christ N. Anderson, 1511 Devon Ave.

Miss Florence Bluhm, 6157 McClellan Ave.

Mr. Gerald Brown, 6812 Harper Ave.

Mrs. Phoebe T. Cox, 4337 Clarendon Ave.

Miss Lenore Elliott, 4749 Winthrop Ave.

Dr. and Mrs. Milton B. Fitch, 1101 North Shore Ave.

Miss Katherine Gibis, 3950 Clarendon Ave.

Mrs. Louis F. Johnson, 545 Wellington Ave.

Mrs. Mable Koch, 1042 Sheridan Road.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lawrence, 1246 Farwell Ave.

Mrs. G. T. Miller, Lexington Hotel.

Mr. J. A. Moore, 7113 North Paulina St.

Mrs. L. Pomeroy, 4416 Clifton Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Quinby, 4200 Hazel Ave.

Mrs. Ida M. Walker, 4339 Clarendon Ave.

Mr. Arthur Bluhm, 6157 McClellan Ave.

Mrs. Ethel Englich, 4032 N. Kenneth Ave.

Mr. Wm. S. Englich, Jr., 4032 N. Kenneth Ave.

December Weddings

Dec. 18—Mr. Alfred Bach and Miss Blanche M. Prine.

Dec. 26—Mr. Samuel Weiss and Miss Eva Thomis.

Dec. 28—Mr. Hugh MacKenzie and Mrs. Lydia Drake.

Dec. 28—Mr. Joseph M. Kirchmaier and Miss Viola Maeder.

Dec. 29—Mr. Frank P. Kissick and Miss Lillian Kennedy.

Dec. 31—Mr. Edwin M. Storm, Waterloo, Iowa, and Miss Pearl M. Klibenstein, Chicago.

Dec. 31—Mr. Donald A. Clausen, Streator, Illinois, and Miss Mae E. Cahill of Streator, Illinois.

December Funerals

Dec. 7—Mrs. Alvina Lemke. Interment Waldheim Cemetery.

Dec. 14—Mr. Edward D. Palmer, Kenilworth, Ill. Interment Memorial Park.

Dec. 26—Mrs. O. N. Naylor. Interment Rosehill.

Christening

Sunday, Dec. 12—Conrad Bradley Gibson, son of Dr. Charles Brockway Gibson and Susan Gibson.

(This was the first Christening held in the new church. The baby

was given our pastor's surname in honor of the many years of friendship between Dr. Bradley and the parents).

The Pastor's December Calendar

Dec. 2, Annual Banquet Address, Morrison Hotel.

Dec. 3, Address of Welcome Naturalization Ceremonies, auspices Chicago Chamber of Commerce, and Chicago Woman's Club, Judge Holtom's Court.

Dec. 5, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Dec. 9, Address, Chamber of Commerce, Hammond, Indiana.

Dec. 10, Address, Fathers' and Sons' Banquet, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dec. 12, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Dec. 13, Meeting Board of Trustees, Peoples Church.

Dec. 14, Lecture, Temple Club, Peoples Church.

Dec. 16, Address, Irving Park Baptist Church.

Dec. 19, Sermon, Peoples Church, morning, and All Souls' Church, evening.

Dec. 20, Presided. Chicago Liberal Ministers' Association, noon, Lectured Brinai Brith, evening.

Dec. 22, 8 p. m. Lecture Elgin Masonic Temple. 10 p. m. Christmas Address, Annual Christmas Celebration Benjamin Electric Co. Theater, Elgin, Ill.

Dec. 23, Address, Christmas Party, Church School, Peoples Church.

Dec. 25, Two addresses, Christmas Services, Peoples Church, 5 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Dec. 26, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Dec. 27, Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.

Dec. 31, Address, Banquet, Palmer House.

Mr. C. K. Anderson, the President of our Board of Trustees and Mrs. Anderson returned from their Florida vacation to spend the holidays with their daughter, Miss Loraine Anderson, who is studying at Northwestern University. They will remain at the Belden until spring when they will open their summer home at Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stickney, 6200 Kenmore Ave., are spending the mid-winter in the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Stickney is a member of our Board of Trustees.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spelz are at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles for the winter. Mr. Spelz is a member of our Board.

Mr. M. Riley, 4657 Beacon St., a member of our choir and with the exception of his recent two years' residence in England, has not missed a service of our church in years, has been ill for several weeks with acute arthritis. His condition is improving to the great satisfaction of his business associates and many friends in the Church.

Mr. W. J. Whyte, 531 Wellington Ave., has fully recovered from his severe attack of pneumonia and was able to resume his church activities early in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heg, 6011 Kenmore Ave., are spending the month in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Essley, 234 Warwick Road, Kenilworth, are on their usual California holiday. Mr. Essley is a member of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Schott, 2637 Eastwood Ave., are spending the winter season on the west coast. Before leaving they sent a substantial and much needed check to our Organ Fund.

The Church office on the second floor of the Temple is open daily. Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison is the secretary in charge. The phone is Long Beach 6878. All engagements for Dr. Bradley and other Church matters are made through this office.

During December the Church received more radio mail than any other month during the three years of broadcasting. Dr. Bradley personally reads the radio mail and every letter received is personally acknowledged. We use no blank forms of acknowledgment. The interest of the radio audience constantly increases. We had letters from Texas, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Colorado, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, South Carolina and Georgia, expressing appreciation for our 5 o'clock service on Christmas morning. This month Mrs. Bradley is beginning a "Radio Mail Bag" for The Liberal and will publish outstanding letters from the radio friends. Every Sunday members of the radio audience who are visiting Chicago make themselves known to the ushers or to Dr. Bradley. Members of the Radio audience are always welcome at our services and by speaking to the ushers on entering the auditorium will be given every consideration. Recently a group from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, drove by auto to the service. On arriving they found every seat in the auditorium occupied. They told the usher of their long drive and asked if they could not be taken care of. They were given seats in the Choir loft and had the pleasure of not only attending the service but seeing the great congregation as well.

Why not send one dollar to our Subscription Manager, Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave., and receive The Liberal by mail? Twelve numbers are published during the year. Last month the issue was completely exhausted and many were disappointed by not being able to purchase copies at the Church services. This can be avoided by becoming a subscriber.

Dr. Bradley is always desirous of knowing where his services are most needed. By calling Long Beach 6878 appointments may be made for sick calls, conferences, wedding services, funeral services or christenings.

—G. T. B.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The meetings of the Woman's Club continue with increasing interest. The afternoon lectures have been well attended, the Educational and Philanthropic meetings abound as usual with enthusiasm and delightful fellowship. The monthly dinners given by the various groups have been a great success, bringing the Church people together to eat a family dinner, as it were, and spend the evening getting acquainted, stimulating interest and sociability. If you have not attended these dinners you are missing something! The all day meeting Dec. 20 was one of special note. In the morning Dr. Henry Clark, Dr. Bradley's beloved friend of many years, charmed his audience with a talk based on Jack Black's book "It Can Be Done" finishing with a superb reading of Carleton's poems "The Convicts' Christmas Eve." The luncheon tables were attractive in holiday decorations and after luncheon the members gathered around the gorgeous Christmas tree to hold their annual Christmas Party. "Backward, turn backward oh! Time in thy flight, make me a child again just for tonight" is the spirit of this occasion. Each member having placed a gift in Santa's "pack" there was a surprise package for everyone. Mrs. J. S. Storfer in costume was a delightfully funny Santa Claus. There was much laughter and wit and merry making over the presents (which were not to exceed twenty-five cents in price). Songs were sung and good wishes exchanged all-hands-around. Each member also brought a "pound of something" suitable for the charity baskets and several long tables were piled high with the generous donations. The day before Christmas the Philanthropic Dept. met in Channing Hall and

filled twenty-eight baskets with provisions and clothing for as many families previously investigated and called upon. Coal was sent to some needy families and other assistance given in various ways.

The Philanthropic Dept. under chairmanship of Mrs. C. L. Roberts is to be highly commended for the splendid work they have done and are continuously doing. Jan. 10 one of the most interesting lectures we have had was given by James M. Yard who has lived in China for seventeen years as missionary educator, and for three years editor of the China Christian Advocate. On the same program Miss Beth Bradley appeared as pianist, giving a group of piano selections in brilliant and artistic style.

The following program is yet to be given:

January 24 — Luncheon, 1 p. m. Faye Epperson, Whistling. Ensemble, 2:30 p. m.

February 7 — Lecture, "What's New About Russia." Mrs. Anna Louise Strong, relief worker with Quaker Commission, Moscow, Russia.

February 21 — Business meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture, Dr. Preston Bradley 2:30 p. m. Music.

March 7 — Card Party, 2 p. m.

March 21 — Business Meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture, Mr. B. C. Roloff, 2:30 p. m. Music.

April 4 — Business Meeting 1:30 p. m. Lecture — Announcement later.

April 18 — Annual meeting, 10:30 a. m. Lecture, Dr. Preston Bradley, 2 p. m. Music.

May 2 — Business meeting 1 p. m. Lecture, announcement later.

May 16 — Card Party 2 p. m.

The Departmental Meetings of the club will be held as usual during the year on the alternate Mondays of the above days. Mrs. Max Riley will have charge of the meetings for half of the season and Mrs. William Herzog for the remainder of the year. Mrs. Herzog will build her programs around current books with a comprehensive review of each. Mrs. Riley's program is as follows:

1. Restriction of Immigration— Mrs. Dalrymple, chairman.
2. Conservation of our Natural Resources— Mrs. Hermsdorf, chairman.
3. Strength and Weakness of Our Public Schools — Mrs. Lee, chairman.
4. Independence of the Philippines—Mrs. Godman, chairman.
5. Is Democracy a Failure? — Mrs. Grunwald, chairman.
6. Achievements of the Federated Women's Clubs—Mrs. Fuchs, chairman.
7. Functions of the Public Library in the Community — Mrs. Schulten, chairman.
8. Censorship of the Movies — Mrs. Riley, chairman.

—G. T. B.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The young people of the Church have held several social and literary events during the month. Dr. Bradley's lecture on Lester Cohen's book "Sweepings" drew a capacity audience in Channing Hall. On January 23, the club gave a Sunday evening supper followed by a program and social hour. The club invites the young people attending the services to participate in the activities of the club. In our congregation are hundreds of young people who would find the club an opportunity of social and cultural significance. If you are interested, by calling the Church office—Long Beach 6878—information regarding programs, events, and membership will be graciously given.

—M. B.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Channing Hall was filled at the Christmas entertainment given under the auspices of the Church School on the evening of December 23. The program presented by the pupils was of exceptional quality. The month of December was the best month from every

viewpoint that the School has ever known. The membership roll is increasing with every session. Mr. C. W. Denicke has accepted the position tendered him by the Board of Trustees and is now regularly engaged as the Superintendent. He also conducts the Adult Class which is developing into an important factor in the work.

Mrs. Eugene Engstrom, a trained Kindergarten teacher, conducts a story hour for the children during the hour of the morning Church service. Parents in increasing numbers are bringing their children to the Church on Sundays and leaving them in the care of Mrs. Engstrom. The officers and teachers of the School cordially invite the parents to the sessions of the School and to familiarize themselves with the work being done. The School is carefully graded with the Beacon Series of Texts being in use. There are classes for all ages. By calling the Church office — Long Beach 6878—information will gladly be given in regard to the work.

MEN'S FORUM

The Sunday evening lectures under the auspices of the Men's Forum of the Peoples Church will be resumed Sunday evening January 30 in the Main Auditorium. There are only five more Sunday evenings. The next program will be a symposium on the Philippine question. Mr. James Bryant, the well known Chicago lawyer, who has spent three years in the Island will give his reasons against immediate independence for the Philippines. Mr. Bryant is thoroughly competent to maintain this viewpoint. Mr. Marcial P. Lichauco, a native Philippino, will speak for immediate independence. Mr. Lichauco is a Harvard graduate, an author and Economist and a deep student of international relations. During the past summer Mr. Lichauco was in Geneva working for the Institute of International Relations under the direction of Dr. Manly Hudson, American member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

On February 6, Dr. Tehi Hsieh, internationally known as "The Roosevelt of China" will lecture. On February 20, the speaker will be Norman Hapgood of New York City. Will Durand Ph. D. will speak on February 27 and on March 6 the course will close with an address by Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York. Plans are nearly completed for two extra Sunday evenings at which Carl Sandburg and Clarence Darrow will be the speakers.

This Forum is the finest and most successful being offered in the Middle West and merits the response of the Church and congregation. Single admission is fifty cents. Dr. R. W. Lee, the President, will be glad to give any information. Phone Ravenswood 2386.

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To the wind moaning softly in
the trees;
To the rippling of the water in
the moon's soft light—
To the rushes waving gently in
the breeze?

Have you lived out in the open,
slept beneath the heavens
vast;
Seen the stars twinkling bright-
ly in the sky—
Have you seen the far horizon
where the future meets the
past,
And heard the lonely screech-
owl's wailing cry?

Have you watched the burning
embers of the dying fire
glow,
Seen the bursts of flame—forms
and faces there;
Been the victim of memories, that
somehow come and go,
And drank your fill of clean,
cool midnight air?

If you haven't, then you've missed
it; missed the blessings of
the wild—
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cramped and dark and dim;
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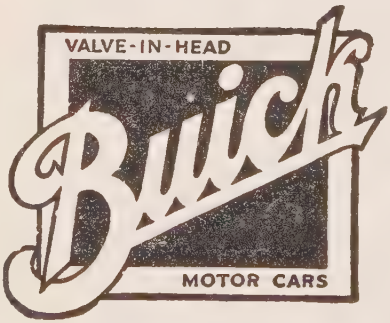

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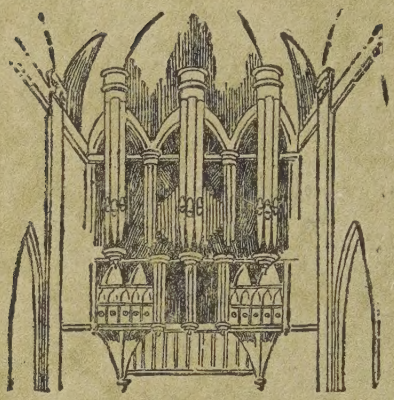

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